

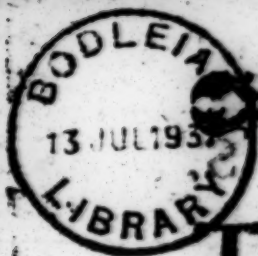
A COLLECTION of  
NEW SONGS.

CONTAINING,

- 1 The Jolly Gipsies.
- 2 Rural Felicity.
- 3 Tell Tell de Roll.
- 4 Spring.



Printed for S. GAMIDGE, at his Warehouse,  
Leech Street, Worsley;



# The Jolly Gipsies.

Come, come, come, you dainty doxies,  
Come to me, you girls so dear,  
Although we have no houses nor riches,  
We will never want good cheer.

## CHORUS.

So come along with us and booze it briskly  
All you girls that love your ease :  
For the jolly gipsies they will get tipsy,  
And go a — whenever they please.  
Let the miser hoard up his money,  
We will spend it at our ease ;  
We will toil it, we will soil it,  
And will spend it as we please.  
All you who delight in a pretty woman,  
You must enjoy her while you may ;  
Strive to delight her and content her,  
Then she'll please you night and day.  
We are honest, we are boozey,  
Fairly with our blosses dear :  
We are courting, we are sporting,  
And we never want good cheer.

Sometimes we drink sack and sherry,

Sometimes we drink water sad;

Sometimes we are very merry,

And sometimes we're plaguy mad.

And to conclude, and end my ditty,

In a jovial flowing bowl,

Some are wise and some are witty,

Gipsies they are merry souls.

### CHORUS.

So come along with us and booze it briskly

All you girls that love your ease;

For the jolly gipsies they will get tipsy,

And go a — whenever they please.

### *Rural Felicity.*

LET court lovers pay adoration to crowns,

That man is a monarch for me,

Who cheerfully improves the few acres he owns

Unenvying, industrious, and free.

At night in high health from his labour he rests

His household fit around in a row,

Wife, children, and domestical guests,

Such circles in town can ye shew?

He smiles on his babes as some strive for his knee

And some to their mother's neck cling,

While playful the prattlers for place disagree,

The roof with their shrill trebles ring.

Those Cynics who brood o'er a single life's spleen  
 The offspring they have dare not own,  
 But happy-wed pairs can enjoy the fond scene  
 To you ye unsocials unknown.

His dame the good man of the house thus address'd :—

“ 'Twas so with us when we were young.”  
 Her hand within his he with gentleness press'd,  
 While sentiment prompted his tongue.

“ I remember the day of my falling in love,  
 “ How fearful I first came to woo ;

“ I hope that these bays will as true hearted prove  
 “ And our lasses, my dear, look like you.”

A tear of joy starting, he kiss'd from her cheek,  
 Love gratefully glowing her face,  
 Too full her fond heart not a word cou'd she  
 speak,

But, sighing, return'd his embrace.

'Tis by such endearments affection is shewn,  
 In silence more nobly express'd,  
 Than all the cant phrase, the Bon ton of the town  
 Where love is a Monmouth street guest.

Go on ye high births, and pretend to despise  
 Those scenes which to you are unknown ;  
 But laugh not too long, rather aim to be wise,  
 And compare such a life with your own.

Vain jesters be mute, I'll a Sentiment give,  
 A Toast which esteem will not scorn ;  
*May they who can taste them, love's kisses receive,*  
 And tenderness meet a return.

## TOLL, LOLL DE ROLL.

Tune—*By Mark Antony the Great.*

**W**hen the deity's word  
 Throughout Chaos was heard,  
 And in order up rose this vast  
 ball;

Lapd, sea, and sky rung  
 With Creation's glad song,  
 It was then a fine—*Toll, de roll, loll,*

Inconstant mankind  
 Could not keep in one mind,  
 But into soul parties must fall;  
 'Gainst Religion and State  
 Rais'd a pother and prate,  
 And made a sad—*Toll de roll, loll.*

On this sea-circled land,  
 By great Nature's command,  
 Freedom stopp'd at Integrity's call;  
 England's Genius appear'd,  
 In full Chorus was heard,  
 Lov'd Liberty's song—*Loll de roll.*

On each distant shore  
 We have sung it encore,  
 And are ready my lads, one and all,  
 To sound the same strain,  
 Tho' I think France and Spain  
 Have enough of our—*Toll de roll, loll.*

All the noise that our foes  
 Took such pains to compose,  
 Not a heart of oak's ear could appal;  
 But the Dons and Monsiers  
 Were struck dumb with three cheers,  
 They're the English tar's *Toll de roll.*

A. the place Minden nam'd,  
 By the British foot fam'd,  
 How glorious those days to recall:  
 The French folks advancing,  
 Were stopp'd in their dancing,  
 And tumbled about—*Loll de roll.*

For this thing or that,  
 Toll de roll comes in pat,  
 'Tis a Chorus I'd always extol;  
 'Tis suppos'd, not express'd,  
 'Tis what each one likes best,  
 Then here's to the best—*Toll de roll.*



## S P R I N G.

Tune,—*Come! pledge me Love. &c.*

**L**OOK round my love! how chang'd  
the Scene,

So late white o'er with snow;  
Now 'ray'd in flow'r enamell'd green,  
How rich the meadows shew?  
The sun creative pow'r resumes;  
And warms the breezy air;  
The buxling buds expand their blooms,  
While birds their nests prepare.  
The herds and flocks on herbage feed,  
Sweet Spring renews its pride;  
The ice-bound streams from fetters freed,  
Now tinkling, roll their tide.  
On leafless boughs no candy'd frost  
In icicles appears:  
But as in grief, for Winter lost,  
Dissolving into tears.  
Thus sordid senseless human kind  
But mere existence prove;  
'Till Beauty's sunshine ope's the mind,  
And melts the mass to love.  
For spite of wealth or power's controul,  
Or all the wise can say,  
'Till WOMAN warms the frozen soul,  
We are but Clods of clay.

# Old Songs, printed for S. Camidge

Anacreon's Feast	Good Housewife's C
Berkshire Lady	of Arms
Bite upon Bite	Humours of Rag Fair
Bloody Battle between a	Jane Shore
Taylor and a Louse	Lamentable Ballad
Bloody Gardener	the Lady's Fall
Bristol Bridegroom; or,	Leeds Tragedy; or, T
The Ship Carpenter's	Bloody Brother
Love to the Merchants	New Mad Tom
Daughter	Northern Knight's G
Broken Contract	land
Cat skin	Oxford Ramble
Chevy Chase	Oxford Tragedy;
Children in the Wood	Rosana's Overtarrow
Choice Pennyworth of	Plymouth Tragedy;
Wit	Susan's Overthrow
Cobler's wife's discovery	Poor Robin's Dream
Country John's unfortu-	Pretty Green Coat
nate Ramble to London	Seven Champions
Death and the Lady	Christendom
Death of Sir Andrew	Somersetshire Tragedy
Barton	Spanish Lady's Love
Disobedient Son and	an English Captain
Cruel Husband	Squire Vernon's P
Distrest Lady's Garland	Chace
Dorsetshire Miracle	Teague's Ramble
Factor's Garland	Transported Felons
Fair Maudlin	Wandering Prince
Famous Flower of Ser-	Troy
ving Men	Wandering Shepherd
Glostershire Tragedy	Welch Wedding
Golden Bull	Yarmouth Tragedy



